

YANKEE COMICS

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SEPT
NO. 1
10¢

STARRING
**YANKEE
DOODLE
JONES**

A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION
**WORLD'S
GREATEST
COMICS**



HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N.Y.



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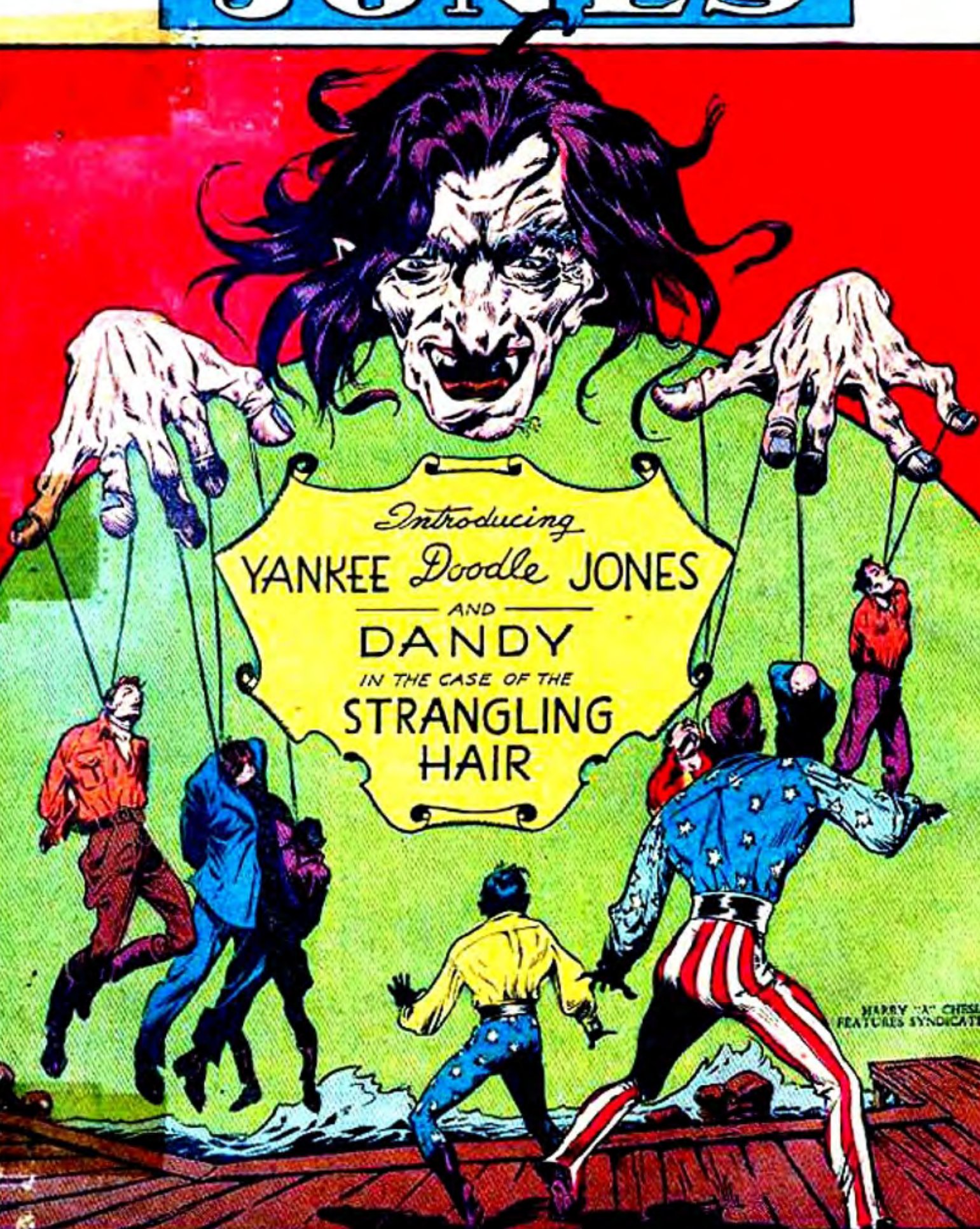
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YANKEE *Doodle* JONES



HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N.Y.

A STRANGE GROUP OF CRIPPLED WAR VETERANS GATHER AT THE HOME OF AN EMINENT SURGEON.

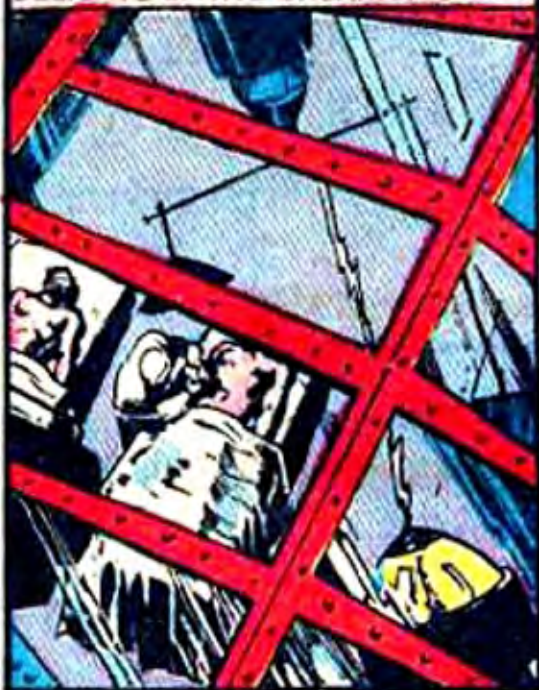
YOU MEN OF DIFFERENT FAITHS GLADLY GIVE YOUR SERVICES TO UNCLE SAM IN THE LAST WAR! ARE YOU READY NOW TO GIVE UP YOUR LIVES?



WILLINGLY, SO THAT FROM US A PROTECTOR OF THE AMERICAN DOCTRINES SHALL RISE!



HOURS OF TRANSPLANTING... DELICATE LIVING ORGANISMS AND...



I AM READY, DOCTOR.

GOOD! NOW FOR THE INVINCIBILITY INJECTION!



OUT OF THE DOORWAY COMES MIGHTY YANKEE DOODLE JONES.

THE STRENGTH OF AN ARMY LIES IN THIS FLUID... YOU'LL BE THE GREATEST LIVING THING THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN.

GOSH, IF ONLY DAD WOULD INJECT ME WITH SOME OF THAT!



SUDDENLY...

OWWWW!

DIS IS YUN DEFENSE PROGRAM DOT VILL NOT VORK OUT... HA, HAH!



AND AS THE LAST FEW DROPS OF THE PRECIOUS FLUID ARE ABOUT TO ENTER...

FATHER! FATHER!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS WITH BROKEN BONES, RATS!



YANKEE DOODLE JONES, MADE POWERFUL BY THE INJECTION, CRASHES INTO THE ATTACKERS.



I HOPE THERE'S SOME LEFT... GOOD, NOW TO AVENGE FATHER!





AT AN ARMY OUTPOST OFFICERS SCHOOL

THESE MILITARY SECRETS
ARE SO VITAL TO OUR
COUNTRY. THEY CANNOT
BE WRITTEN ON PAPER.
I WILL... OH OOOOOH...

ON THE HIGH SEAS THE RED
CIRCLE OF DEATH STRIKES AGAIN.

WITH THIS INSTRUMENT
WE CAN LOCATE ANY....
AGH... AAAGGGH....



AND AT THE
AIR CORPS
FLYING
FIELD...

NO WONDER HE
COULDN'T TAKE OFF
... HE'S DEAD!



LOOK AT THAT
GORY RED CIRCLE!

MEANWHILE., YANKEE DOODLE
JONES AND DANDY ARE UNAWARE
OF THE STRANGE DEATHS, WHEN...

WELL OF ALL THE...
DON'T YOU EVER
THINK OF ANYTHING
BUT CHOCOLATE
CAKE?

SOMEBODY
OUGHT TO
ANSWER
THAT DOOR.
KNOCK
KNOCK



IT'S OPENING
BY ITSELF...
WHY, IT'S
UNCLE
SAM!

GULP!
GULP!



WELL, I'M GLAD TO SEE
YOU BOYS HAVE ENJOYED
YOUR REST! STAND AT
EASE AND LISTEN!



THREE OF MY MOST
VALUABLE OFFICERS
HAVE BEEN STRANGLED
TO DEATH MYSTERIOUSLY!
I WANT YOU BOYS TO SEE
THAT JUSTICE IS DONE!

WE'RE
OFF, SIR!

GULP!
GULP!
YES SIR!



HOURS LATER, AFTER A FRANTIC BUT USELESS SEARCH...

NOT A CLUE YET!
BETTER GO IN AND
GET A HAIRCUT
WHILE I KEEP
LOOKING AROUND
THIS SECTION.

GOOD, I SURE
NEED IT.

I CUT ALL THE OFFICER'S
HAIR AND I DON'T LIKE
KIDS EATING CAKE
WHO WIGGLE.

TCH TCH!
TOO BAD!

ANY HAIR?
ANY HAIR?

JEEPERS CREEPERS.
WHAT A WITCH!

YES, YOU CAN
TAKE THAT
PILE BACK
THERE IN
THE BUCKET.

WHAT DO YOU DO
WITH THE HAIR
LADY?

SHUT UP OR I'LL
TAKE SOME OF
YOURS, YOU BRAT.

HEY, COME BACK
HERE, I'M NOT
FINISHED!

I'LL BE BACK.
YOU CAN
FINISH
MY CAKE.

AS DANDY WATCHES THE HAG'S
MOVEMENTS, A SHADOW DRAWS
CLOSER AND CLOSER...

I'LL HAVE TO
SEE WHAT
GOES ON IN
THERE!

YOUR SNOOPING
IS NOW OVER!

FEARING THROUGH THE SACK...
DANDY DROPS BITS OF CLOTH.

I HOPE YANKEE
PICKS UP THE
TRAIL!

HE HE, HE HE!
HAIR FROM
THE COMMANDER
HIMSELF.

THE FEAR WILL
TAKE CARE OF
THIS PEST!

ON WITH YOUR WORK,
HAG. YOU, **DANDY**, WILL
SUFFER DEATH FOR
INTERFERING.

TIGHTEN TIGHTEN BAND OF
HAIR, STRANGLE YOUR
OWNER.. NO MATTER
WHERE.

MANY MILES DISTANT--AS THE
COMMANDER STUDIES A PLAN
OF DEFENSE FOR AMERICA...

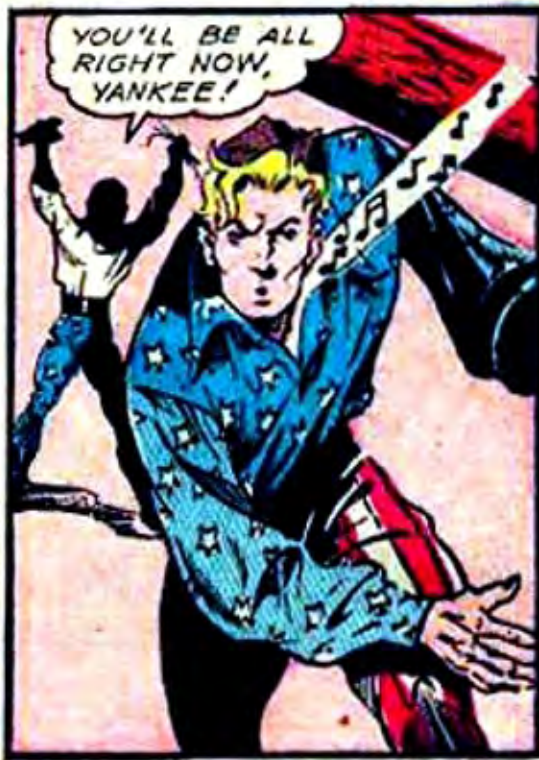
OH H H H H H!

NOW SOME OF YOUR
HAIR, MY NOSEY LITTLE
IMP. YOU TOO SHALL
FEEL HER POWER.

SHE IS MY PET. THE
LAST WITCH FROM
THE DARK AGES, HA HA!

SO YOU
THINK,
OUCH!

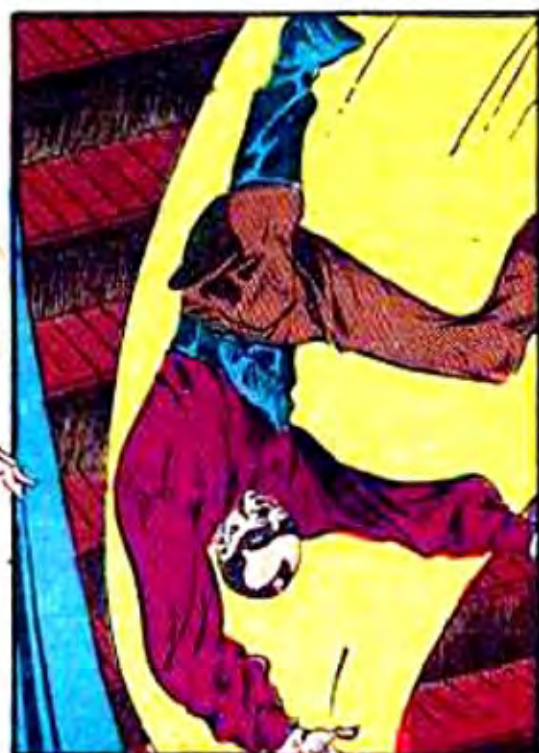
MY FEAR, MY FEAR,
YANKEE DOODLE
HIMSELF WAS IN
THE BARBERS LOOKING
FOR THE IMP, **DANDY**.
LOOK! **YANKEE DOODLE'S**
HAIR!





SEZ YOU, YOU BABOON FACED NUT!

AGGGG!



WE'LL BE SEEING YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **YANKEE COMICS**



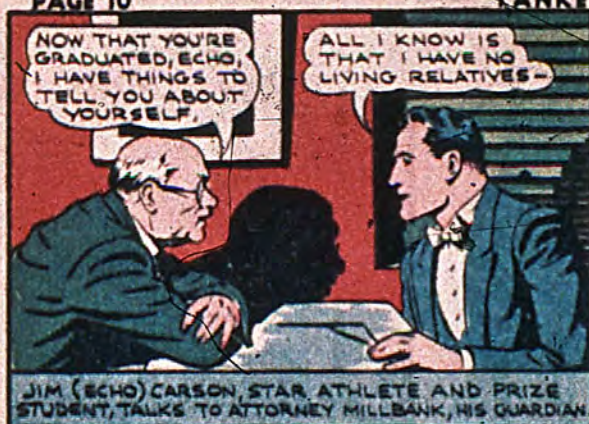
THE ECHO

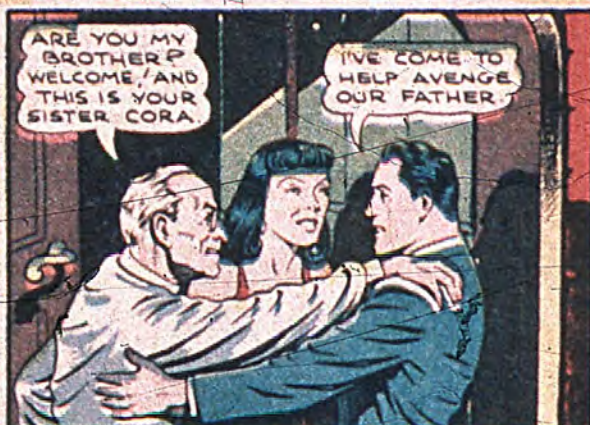


CORA --
SAD BUT STEADFAST,
LIVING ONLY TO SEE
JUSTICE DONE ON
HER PARENTS' EVIL
DESTRUCTORS!

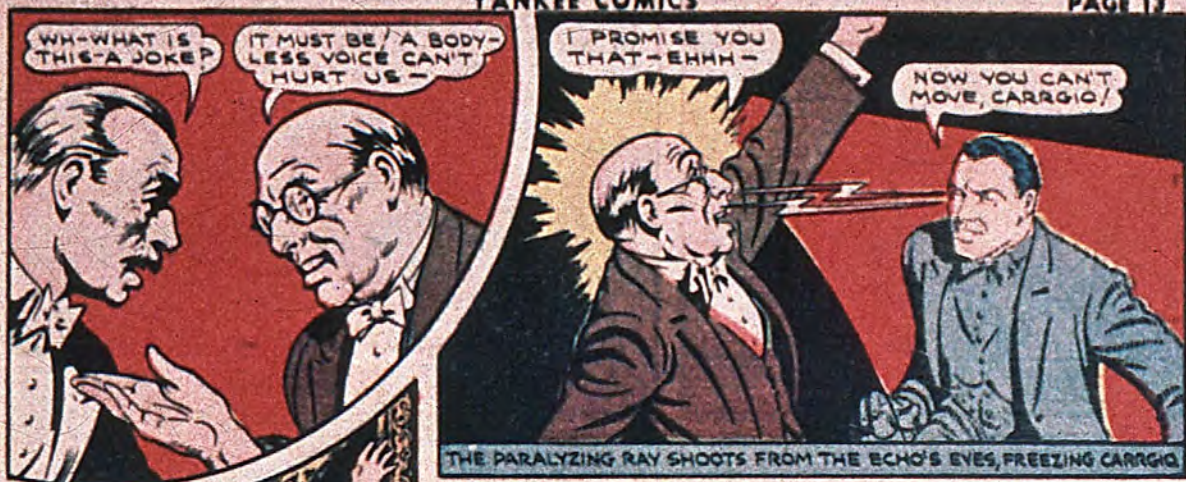
DR. DOOM --
FRAIL OF BODY BUT
BRILLIANT OF BRAIN,
CARRYING ON THE
SCIENCE RESEARCH
OF HIS DEAD FATHER!

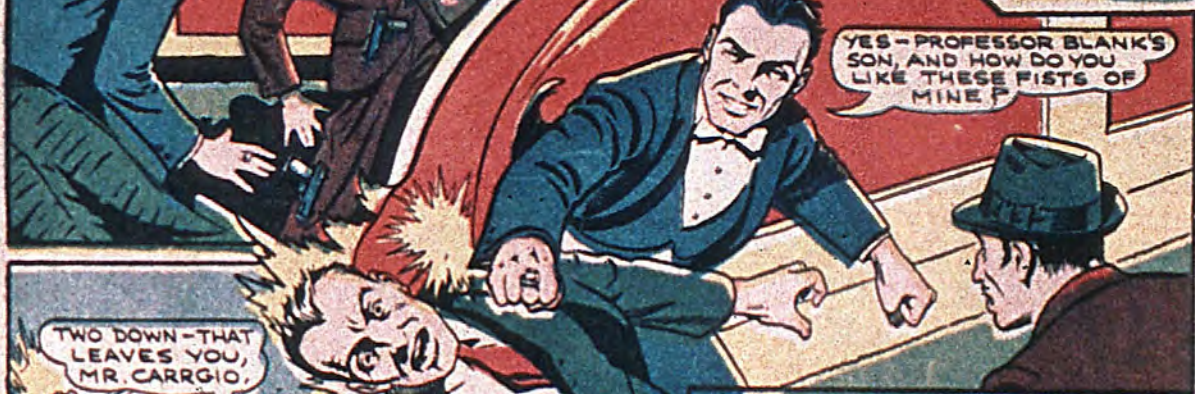
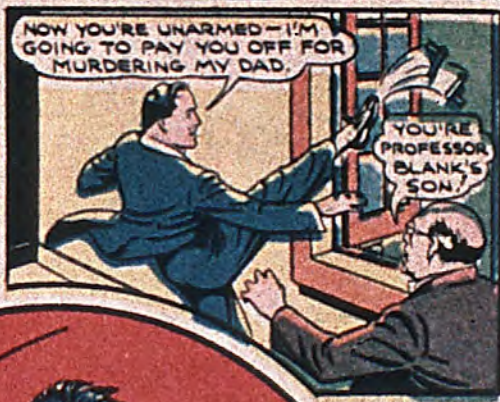
IT WAS A STRANGE ADVENTURE AND
BITTER BATTLE TO WHICH A YOUNG
COLLEGE HERO GRADUATED -- THE SPIRIT
OF HIS SLAIN FATHER STILL WALKING
AND CRYING OUT FOR VENGEANCE
AFTER TWENTY YEARS!





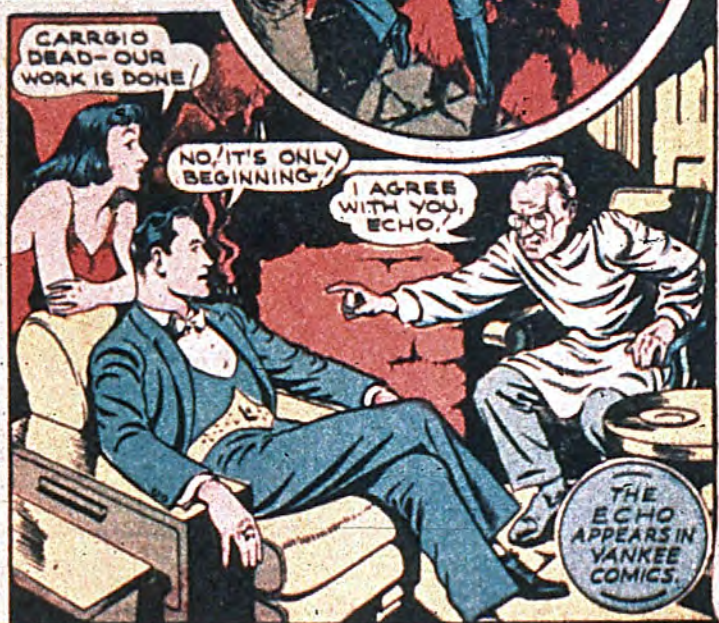
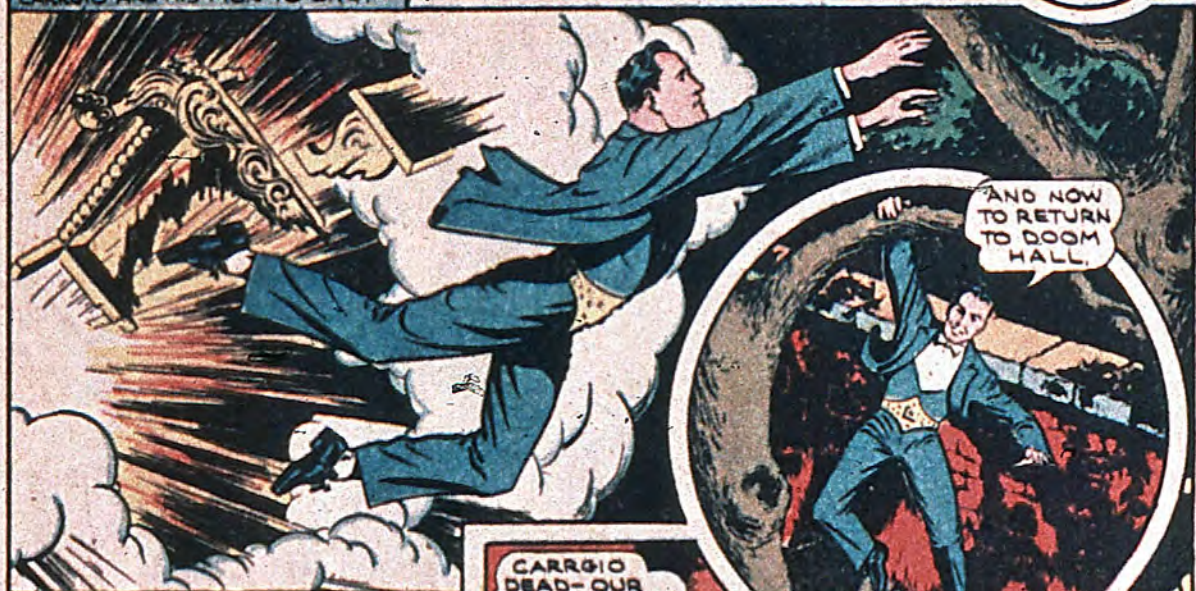
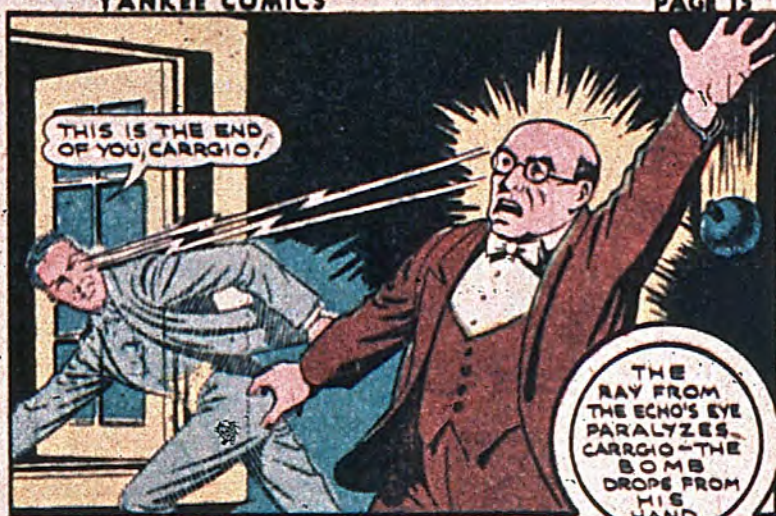








THE FALLEN BOMB EXPLODES—BLOWING CARRGIO AND HIS MEN TO BITS.



The FIREBRAND

A STRANGE BOLT FROM THE SUN AND A PROFESSOR'S UNCANNY KNOWLEDGE OF ELECTRICITY CREATES THE MOST SPECTACULAR AND DYNAMIC CRIME FIGHTER, THE FIREBRAND! WHO AT WILL CONTROLS A POWERFUL DEATH DEALING CHARGE OF ELECTRICITY.

北

IN THE NOONDAY SUN, A LINE MAN IS ACTIVELY ENGAGED REPAIRING A BROKEN WIRE.... FROM THE PIT OF THE SUN, A POWERFUL BOLT HURTTLES EARTHWARD.....



...AND WHEN WE GET TO THE GARAGE A BUNCH OF MEN ATTACK US AND ESCAPED WITH THE TRUCK.

IT MUST BE THE SAME GANG THAT GENERAL MATHERS SPOKE TO ME ABOUT. TRUCKS, TANKS AND GUNS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARING FROM THE FORT.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

THIS IS THE FIREBRAND'S FIRST ASSIGNMENT, PROFESSOR.



INSTANTLY, THE ELECTRIFIED HUMAN LEAPS INTO ACTION..



OUTSIDE, THE FIREBRAND'S HIGHLY CHARGED LEG STRIKES THE PAVEMENT GIVING OFF A VIOLENT ELECTRICAL CHARGE...

...THAT SENDS HIM HURLING SKYWARD.



THERE IT IS... THE TRUCK THE SOLDIERS SPOKE OF!



INSIDE THE TRUCK...

HEY, JOE... LOOK AT THAT!

GIVE IT THE GAS AND RUN THE NUT DOWN!

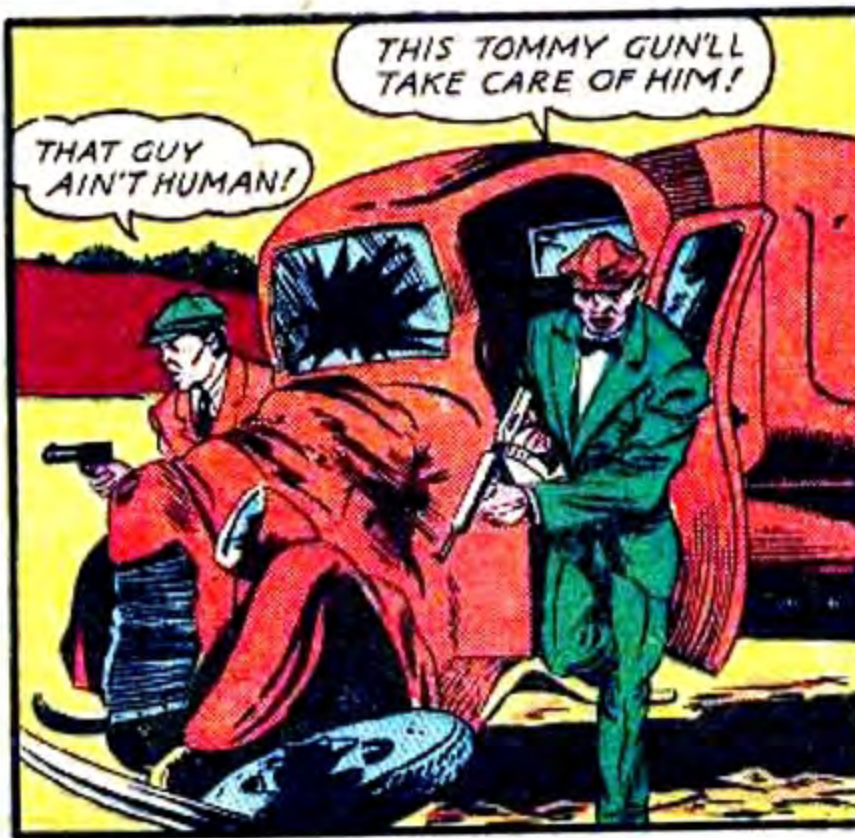


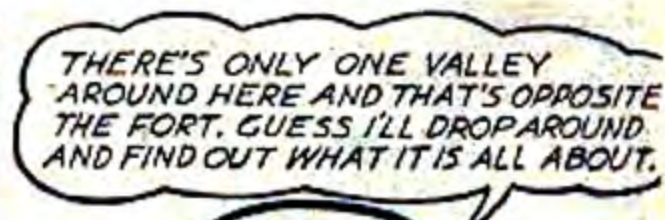
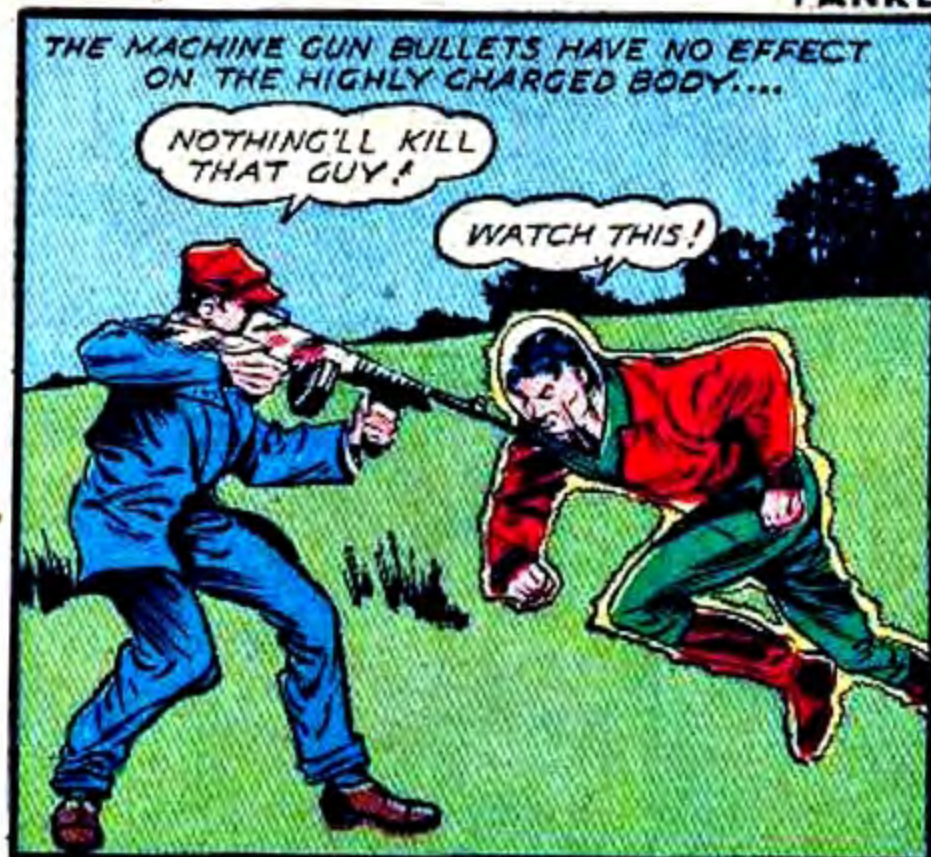
A VIOLENT EXPLOSION FOLLOWS AS THE TRUCK STRIKES THE FIREBRAND'S CONTROLLED ELECTRIC RAY..



THAT GUY AIN'T HUMAN!

THIS TOMMY GUN'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!





A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE FIREBRAND COMES ON A STARTLING SIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

WOW! LOOK AT ALL THAT EQUIPMENT. MUST BE A MEETING IN THE SHACK.



A LOOK IN THE SHACK WON'T HURT.



CONVE NIENTLY HIDDEN FROM VIEW, THE FIREBRAND... LISTENS.

JUST ACROSS THE BRIDGE IS ONE OF THE SUB TREASURIES LOADED WITH MONEY. WE ATTACK LIKE A WELL FORMED ARMY. THE TANKS WILL BATTER THE WAY... WHILE THE GUARDS ARE HANDLED BY OUR GUNNERS.

THE WEALTH WILL BE LOADED ON THE TRUCKS, FROM THERE TO THE STEAMSHIP AND THEN WE LEAVE FOR SOUTH AMER.... IT'S HIM!

A GOOD IDEA, RIMMER, BUT I'M NOT LETTING IT WORK!

BRING THE PRISONER IN!

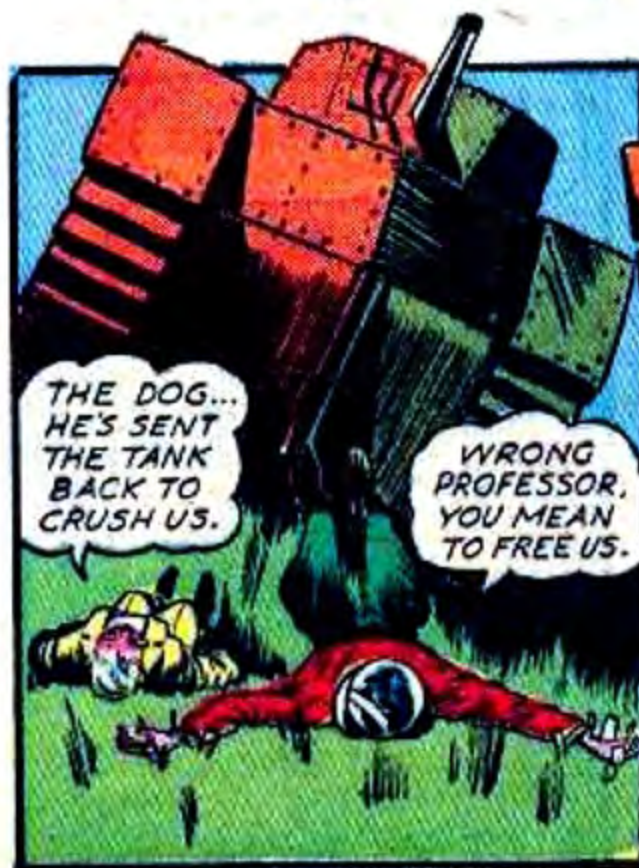


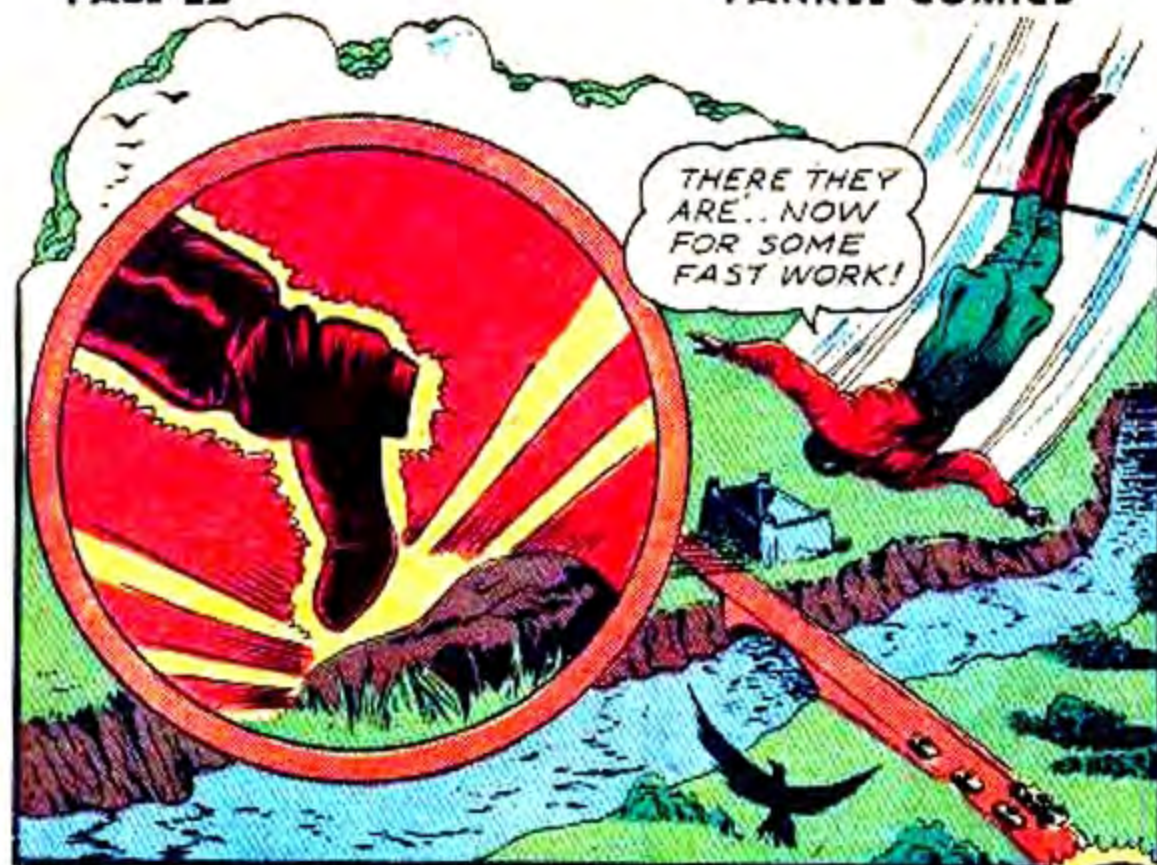
NEVER MIND ME. GO TO WORK ON THEM!

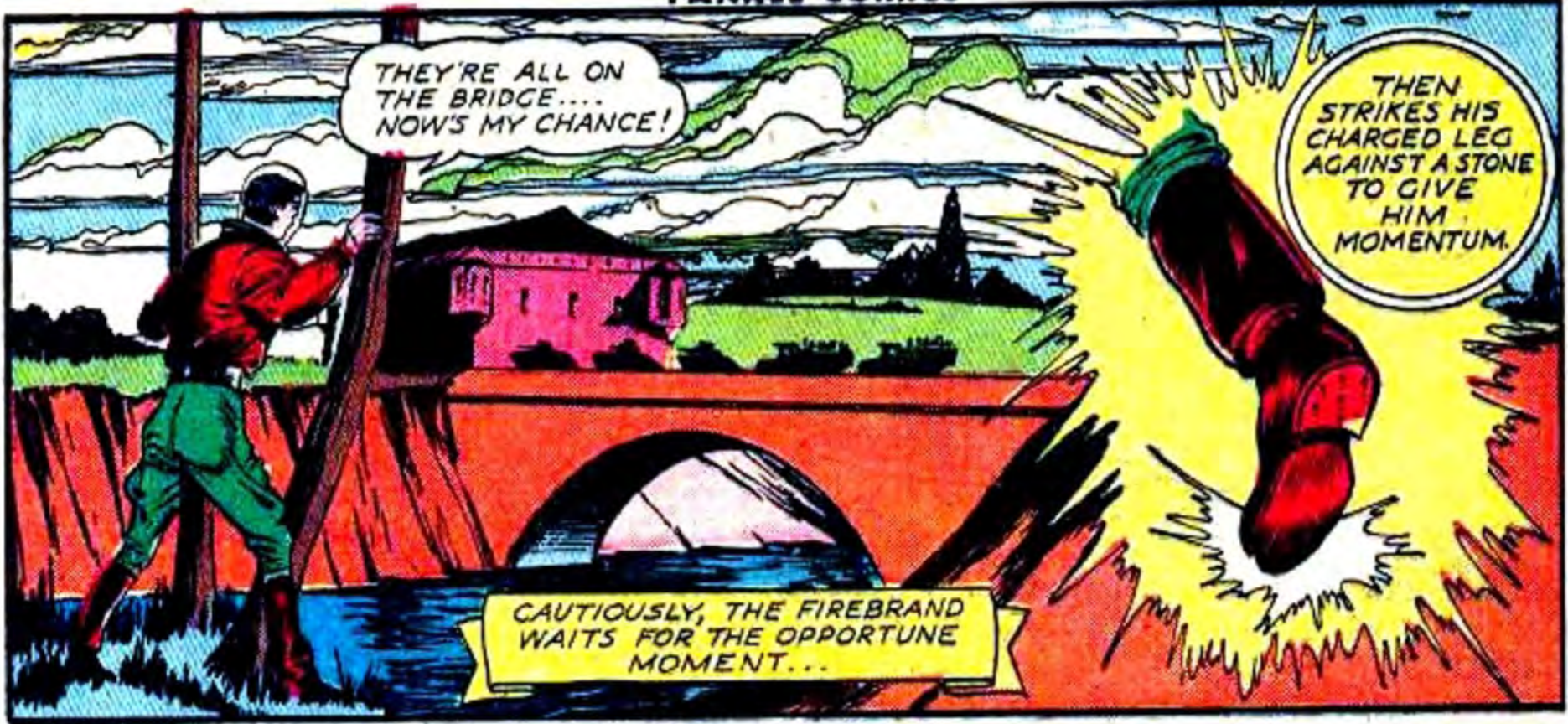
TURN YOUR POWER OFF. OR HE DIES!

I LEARNED OF YOUR ACTIVITY, FIREBRAND, AND AS A PRECAUTION SEIZED THE PROFESSOR. TIE THEM TO THE STAKE OUTSIDE!









SCARLET SENTRY



OUT OF A WAR-RIDDEN WORLD, AND A NATION INFESTED WITH MURDEROUS SPIES AND SABOTEURS, EMERGES A LONE FIGHTER, ONE WHO MATCHES WITS AND STRENGTH AGAINST HALF-CRAZED DICTATORS. THE **SCARLET SENTRY**, DARING GUARDIAN OF THE AMERICAN CAUSE!

ARE YOU MR. DON LAWSON, SIR?

THAT'S RIGHT. I ORDERED THE COSTUME THIS MORNING.

AH! BULLET-PROOF AND ALL. JUST THE THING I NEEDED!

AT THE HOME OF DON LAWSON... EX-FOOTBALL STAR FROM OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.

IN A SPLIT SECOND DON LAWSON HAS BECOME A FIGURE THAT THE ENTIRE CRIMINAL WORLD WILL SOON LEARN TO FEAR, THE SCARLET SENTRY...



NOW TO GO TO WORK ON SOME OF THESE BABIES!



GOODBYE, FATHER, YOU DIED A HERO! I, TOO, GO NOW TO SERVE MY COUNTRY!



MEANWHILE, ANOTHER ALSO MAKES PLANS. HERR VON KRANE, RUTHLESS AGENT OF A EUROPEAN DICTATOR.



GATHER CLOSER, MEIN FRIENDS, AND LOOK AT THE MAPS!

THE THIRD DIVISION WILL BE MARCHING OVER THAT BRIDGE TO-DAY, THEY MUST BE STOPPED.... BLOWN UP!

AND RIGHT ON SCHEDULE, THE THIRD DIVISION STARTS MOVING ACROSS THE RIVER, NOT SUSPECTING THE FATE THAT AWAITS THEM.

WE'RE GOING TO THROW A MONKEY WRENCH INTO ALL ARMY MANEUVERS. YOU ALL UNDERSTAND YOUR PARTS?

JA!

JA, HERR VON KRANE!

WITH THE TROOP MOVEMENTS SMASHED, AND AIRPORTS BLASTED.....THIS COUNTRY WILL FALL TO THE FATHERLAND!







THEY PROCEED TO ANOTHER CHAMBER WHERE A TINY MODEL PLANE RESTS ON A TABLE...

THERE'S OUR NEXT ACE IN THE HOLE. THAT'S AN EXACT REPLICA OF THE ARMY'S NEWEST INVENTION.

ACH! HERR VON KRANE IS TRULY A GENIUS!



AND ALL AMERICA WILL RECOGNIZE ME AS SUCH. I'LL BE THE GREATEST NAME SINCE HITLER!

AND WE'LL FOLLOW YOU TO VICTORY!

HEIL VON KRANE!



THE ARMY FLYING TESTS ARE DUE TOMORROW. WHEN THEY GET IN THE AIR, WE'LL SWEEP OVER AND CUT THEM DOWN LIKE GRASS. AND REMEMBER... I WANT NO FAILURES!

WE UNDERSTAND!



TESTING PLANES TO-DAY. BETTER KEEP MY EYES OPEN, FOR SABOTAGE!



THE NEXT DAY, THE SCARLET-SENTRY ONCE AGAIN BECOMES DON LAWSON, THE FOOTBALL STAR.

ENGINES ROAR AS THE NEW ARMY PURSUIT SHIPS START ON THEIR MAIDEN FLIGHT...



THEY'VE STARTED THE TEST. NOW'S OUR CHANCE!



BUT OTHER EYES ALSO KEEP WATCH VON KRANE AND HIS MEN...

UP AND AT 'EM! LET'S SEE THE SCARLET SENTRY OR ANYBODY ELSE STOP US?



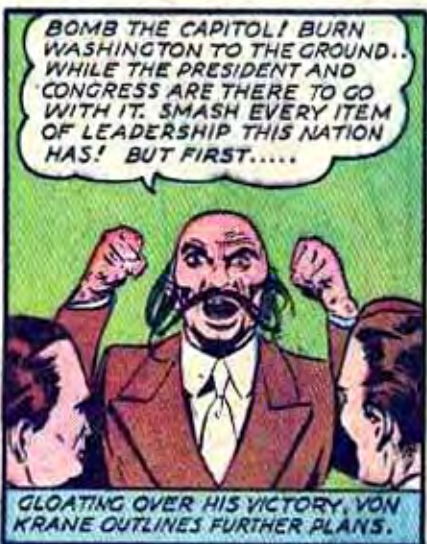
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE GUYS... ARE THEY NUTS?



UP THEY ZOOM LIKE HUNGRY HAWKS, AND...

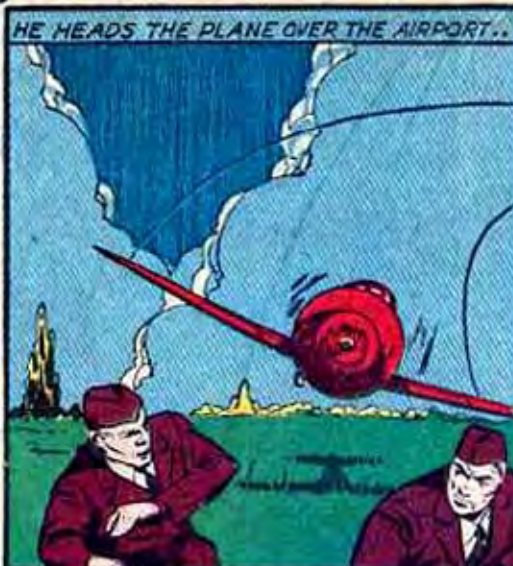
... THE ARMY TEST PLANES ARE CAUGHT IN A DEATH TRAP.











BLACK SATAN

A DISTRICT ATTORNEY DURING THE DAYTIME, HOWARD FLYNN ADOPTS THE ROLE OF THE DREADED BLACK SATAN FOR HIS NIGHTLY CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME..



A HIGH EXPLOSIVE BOMB IS HURLED FROM A SPEEDING AUTO... AND....



AN INSTANT LATER, THE ENTIRE BLOCK IS SHAKEN BY A DEAFENING ROAR.







TH..THE BLACK SATAN!



AS THE MYSTERIOUS CRIME FIGHTER
DEALS OUT PUNISHMENT....



HA... THAT'LL
STOP HIM!



GET HIM INTO THE
CAR... WE'RE GOING
UPTOWN WITH HIM.



AT THE UPTOWN APARTMENT...

TOSS HIM OVER THERE...
WE'RE GONNA GET A
LOOK AT HIS FACE
THIS TIME!



WHAT'S UP,
BOSS?

SOON'S WE GET
RID OF THIS
SATAN GUY...
WE'RE GOING
AFTER BIGGER
PROTECTION
MONEY.





SAILING DOWNWARD, THE CRIME CRUSADER LANDS BEHIND THE PATROLMAN.





BLACK SATAN WILL APPEAR IN
YANKEE - COMICS

THE CLUE

As Frank Cooper of the Secret Service entered the circus grounds, he could see the lights from the Putnam Aircraft plant nearby.

"Glad I'm not on duty there tonight," he thought. "I wouldn't miss this circus for the world."

After the main performance, Frank went to the sideshow. He watched the sword-swallower, and the fire-eater. But what amazed him most was the midget. A tiny man less than three feet high! His suit and shoes were very tiny. Frank could not help looking a long while at this small intriguing figure.

Finally, Frank left the sideshow and started home, passing close to the plane factory. Suddenly, as he approached nearer to the great plant, he heard the sound of excited voices. Secret Service men were standing about, and in their midst stood Captain Harvey.

Frank rushed up to his chief. "What is it? What's happened?"

Captain Harvey turned around. "Frank! It's terrible! The plans for the new secret bomber, they've been stolen! They were left in the composing room with Hansen to watch them. He left the room for a few minutes, locking the door. But when he got back, the plans were gone! Gone! And the door was locked! I can't understand it!"

"What about a window?" Frank asked.

"There is no window in the room!" the Captain exclaimed.

The two men went into the composing room, and Frank began to search for clues.

"It's no use!" Harvey insisted. "I haven't been able to find a single clue."

But Frank was not listening. He was looking at an object which he had picked up from the floor. He put it quickly into his pocket, and looked about the room carefully. Then he turned to the Captain.

"Chief, I'm going back to the circus grounds. They've got a swell sideshow there, and I want to see it again!"

Harvey stared at young Cooper. "Well, I suppose you can do as you please on your night off, Frank. But I don't see what you can like about a circus sideshow!"

Frank grinned and left. Again, in the sideshow, Frank stopped in front of the tiny man.

Suddenly, he reached out and lifted the startled midget from his platform.

"You're coming with me!" Cooper said, showing his badge.

At the aircraft factory, Frank carried the midget into the room where the plans had disappeared. The Captain was there.

"Frank! What's this all about? You don't think this tiny fellow stole those plans, do you?"

The midget laughed. "That's the funniest thing I ever heard! What do I want any plans for?"

Frank pulled the small coat off the tiny man, ripped the lining, and removed the missing plans for the secret bomber!

"Here's the whole story, Chief," Frank explained. "The midget realized the value to foreign powers of our government's plane secrets, so he planned to get into the plant without detection and steal any plans that were lying about! Since this composing room has no windows, there is a large ventilator system here. It was an easy matter for the tiny man to move through the system! He watched Hansen leave the room; then he opened the grate and stepped in, stole the plans, and got out the same way he got in!"

Captain Harvey scratched his head. "But tell me, Frank, what made you connect the theft with the midget in first place?"

Frank removed a tiny button from his pocket. "I found this button on the floor in here. The midget must have torn it loose when he emerged from the ventilator system! When I saw it, I thought immediately of the tiny clothes I saw the midget wearing in the sideshow. When I went back there, I saw that a button was missing from his coat, so I knew I had hit on the answer to the theft! And as I carried him here, I could feel the plans inside the lining of his coat!"

The dejected midget was led away, as young Cooper and Captain Harvey left the factory.

"Well, Frank, you've done a good job. Are you going home now?"

Frank laughed. "I should say not, Chief. I'm going to the circus! I think I can see the sideshow again before their last performance for the night!"

The Enchanted DAGGER



ROGER CHALMERS BRAVES THE JUNGLES TO BRING BACK THE ENCHANTED DAGGER, A MYSTIC WEAPON TO AID HIM IN THE FIGHT AGAINST EVIL.



I AM BEGINNING TO THINK DAD'S STORY OF THE ENCHANTED DAGGER IS THE BUNK.

NO, NO, BWANA, WE SOON COME TO THE MOUNTAIN TRIBE WHO HAVE MAGIC DAGGER.

OKAY. I'LL STRING ALONG. WE MIGHT AS WELL CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT.

AFTER MANY DAYS OF TREKING THROUGH THE HOT AFRICAN JUNGLES, ROGER CHALMERS GROWS WEARY OF HIS MISSION.

THAT NIGHT...


 OKAY, BUGO, LET'S TURN IN!


 DRUMS OF THE MOUNTAIN MEN, BWANA.

COME ON, BUGO, WE'LL HAVE A LOOK.

THE QUIET OF THE NIGHT IS SUDDENLY BROKEN BY THE SAVAGE TOM-TOM DRUMS.

THROUGH THE THICKET, THE ADVENTURER SEES A STRANGE TRIBAL DANCE.


 WHO'S THE GUY WITH THE KNIFE?

HIM CHIEF OF THE MOUNTAIN TRIBE, BWANA. OWNER OF THE ENCHANTED DAGGER.

THE MEDICINE MAN CONDUCTS HIS WEIRD RITUAL AS THE CHIEF WALKS AWAY.

SUDDENLY...


 SAY, WHAT'S THAT?

LONGEE TRIBE. THEY TOO TRY TO GET MAGIC DAGGER.


 HELP!

OKAY, FELLOW, HERE WE COME!

CHIEF IN MOUNTAIN PIT, WITH ENCHANTED DAGGER. GO QUICK! HE NEED HELP!

COME ON, BUGO. THERE'S A JOB FOR US!



RID OF THE ATTACKERS, CHALMERS
TURNS TO THE AGED CHIEF.



MY FATHER... HE
SENT ME ON THE
TRAIL OF THE
ENCHANTED
DAGGER!



THE ENCHANTED DAGGER!
JUST HOLDING IT GIVES
ME THE CREEPS!



MANY MOONS AGO, YOUR
FATHER SAVE OLD CHIEF
FROM SAVAGE BEAST.
HIM LEAVE PROPHECY
THAT WHITE MAN RETURN
TO JUNGLE SOMEDAY AND
RECEIVE DAGGER FOR
REWA.....



THEN THIS WAS MEANT
FOR DAD. BUT HE'S DEAD...
THEN I'M THE REAL OWNER
OF THE
ENCHANTED
DAGGER!



WHAT'S THIS?
LET ME SEE....
HMMM, GREAT
POWERS.... BUT
WHAT POWER?



WITH THE MYSTERIOUS
DAGGER IN HIS POSSES-
SION, ROGER CHALMERS
SAILS HOMEWARD.



IN THE NEW YORK HANG-OUT OF CARRO,
NOTORIOUS GANGSTER,

WE ONLY GOT TWO. PERSONALLY
I THOUGHT IT WAS THREE.
HMM.. WHAT'S THIS?



HMM... ROGER CHALMERS
RETURNS FROM AFRICA
WITH THE ENCHANTED
DAGGER. I DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT IS.. BUT GET
THAT DAGGER, TONY!



AT CHALMER'S HOME...

WELL, I'VE GOT YOU.. MAYBE SOMEDAY I'LL LEARN WHAT THE SECRET POWERS ARE.

THROUGH A MIRROR HE SEES.

OH, OH, HERE'S A CHANCE TO USE THE DAGGER.

SURE...

OKAY, CHALMERS, HAND IT OVER!



HERE IT IS!

MISSED HIM! WHY IT LOOKS LIKE THE DAGGER'S HYPNOTIZED HIM.. I WONDER...IT MIGHT BE..!



THE KNIFE STRIKES THE WALL.. A BLINDING FLASH AND THE THUG FREEZES IN HIS TRACKS.

AFTER THE ROBBERY, CARRO READ ABOUT YOU. HE SENT ME TO GET THE DAGGER. HE LIVES AT 60 PARK SQUARE.

IT'S TRUE.... HYPNOTISM, THAT'S THE SECRET OF THE DAGGER.



UNDER THE SPELL OF THE DAGGER, THE THUG FREELY ANSWERS CHALMER'S QUESTIONS.

WITH THE AID OF THIS DAGGER I'LL FIGHT CARRO'S GANG, IN FACT ALL GANGS, UNTIL CRIME ITSELF HAS BEEN WIPED OUT.



WITH THE SECRET POWERS OF THE ENCHANTED DAGGER, ROGER CHALMERS PLEDGES TO WAGE A NEVER ENDING FIGHT AGAINST CRIME AND INJUSTICE.

ARMED WITH THE ENCHANTED
DAGGER CHALMERS SETS OUT.



THE SIXTH FLOOR
THE MUS SAID.



THE RAT'S COUNTING
THE BANK ROBBERY
LOOT!

INSIDE A HAND TAPS ON THE WINDOW.

WHAT THE...



GET GOING AND
SEE WHAT IT IS!



AS CARRO'S MAN
RAISES THE WINDOW.

SURPRISE!



YOU SENT YOUR MUG
TO GET THE DAGGER,
WELL... I BROUGHT IT!



CHALMERS! RIGHT, RAT
AND....



UNSEEN, A FIGURE SNEAKS UP ON CHALMERS FROM BEHIND AND....



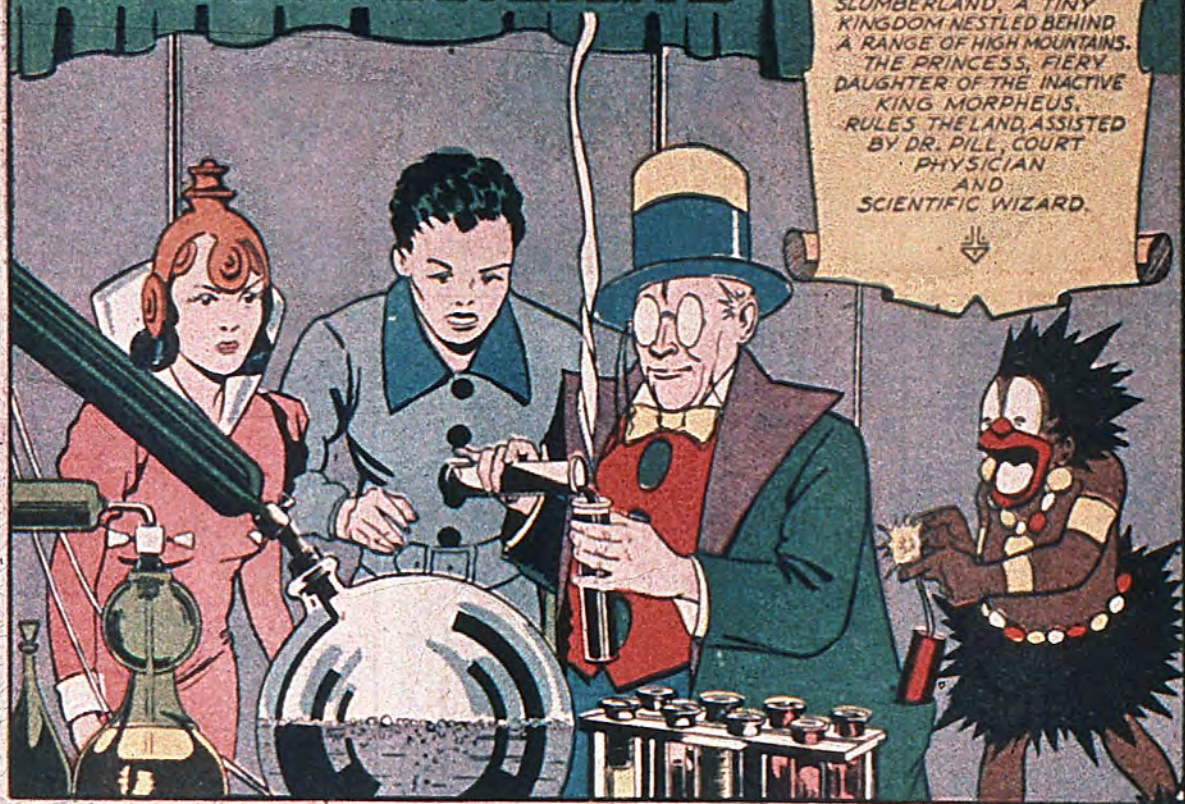
THE ENCHANTED DAGGER!
NOW I'LL FIND OUT WHAT
IT IS!



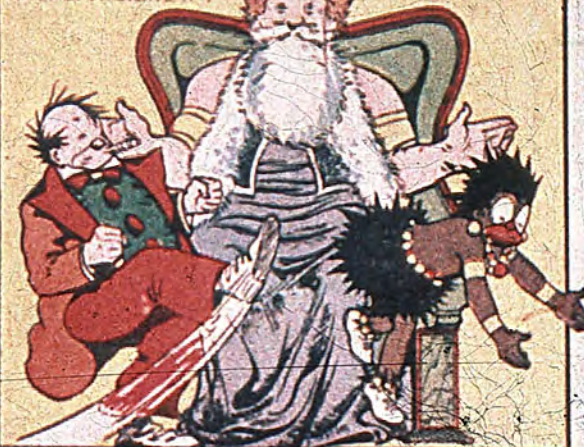
NEMO

IN SLUMBERLAND

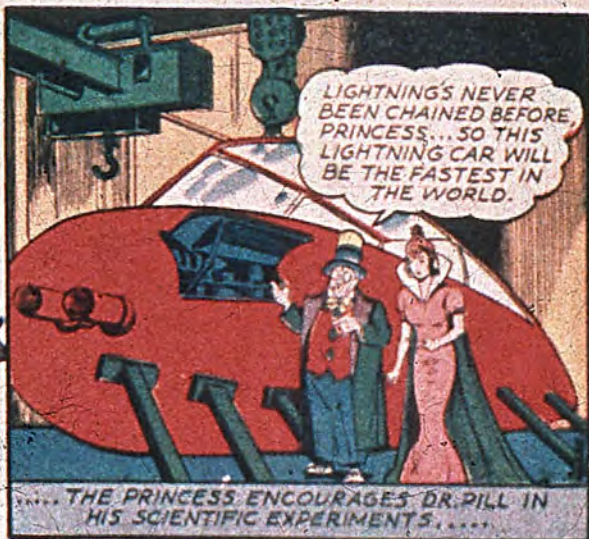
NEMO, TWO-FISTED AMERICAN BOY, AND IMPY, HIS SILENT BUT HELPFUL FRIEND, ARE FREQUENT CALLERS AT SLUMBERLAND, A TINY KINGDOM NESTLED BEHIND A RANGE OF HIGH MOUNTAINS. THE PRINCESS, FIERY DAUGHTER OF THE INACTIVE KING MORPHEUS, RULES THE LAND, ASSISTED BY DR. PILL, COURT PHYSICIAN AND SCIENTIFIC WIZARD.



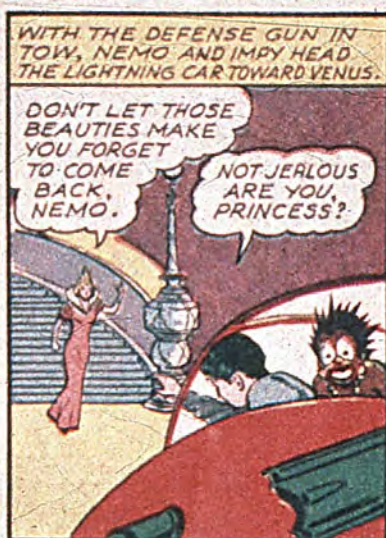
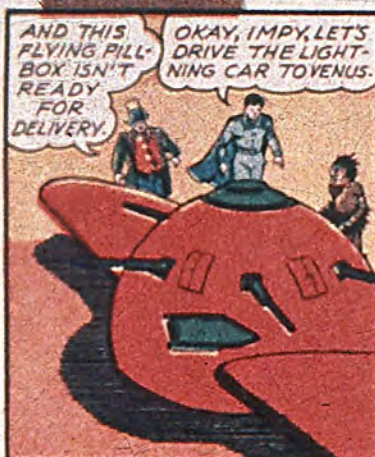
HARRY A. CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE N.Y.

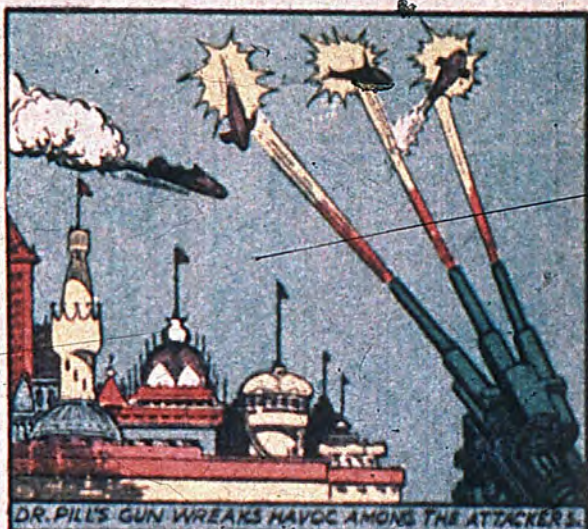
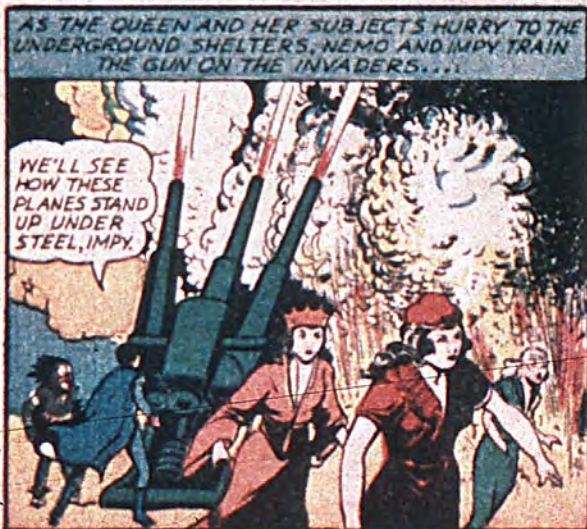


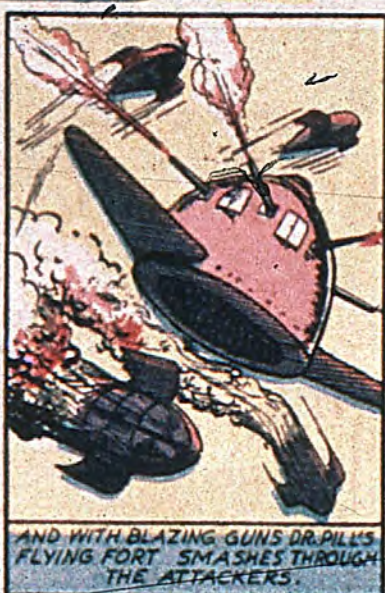
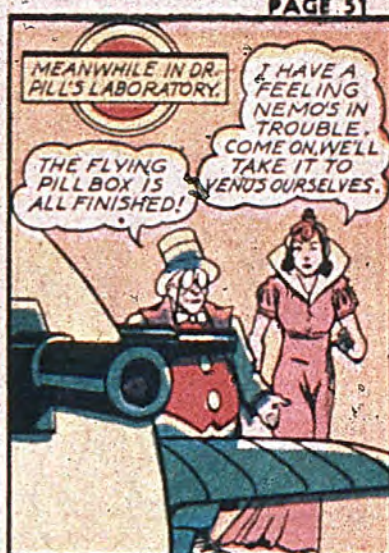
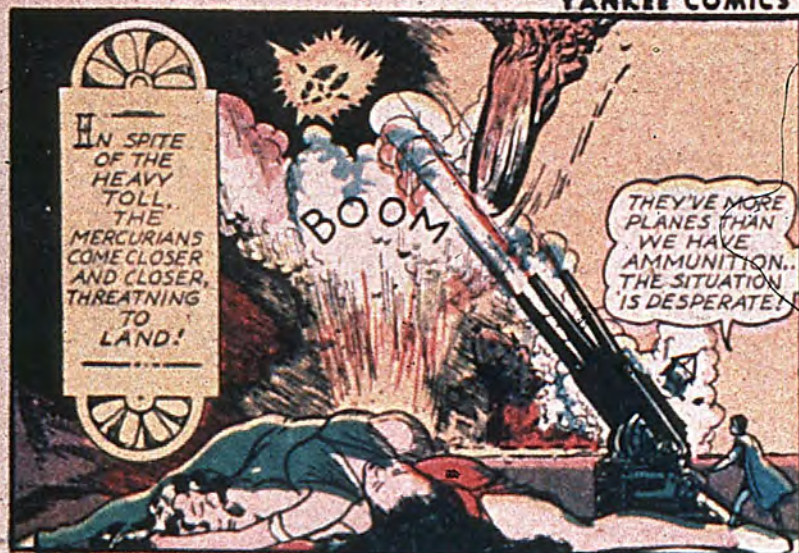
WHILE THE RETIRED KING OF SLUMBERLAND, MORPHEUS, LAUGHS WITH HIS COURT FOLLOWERS...

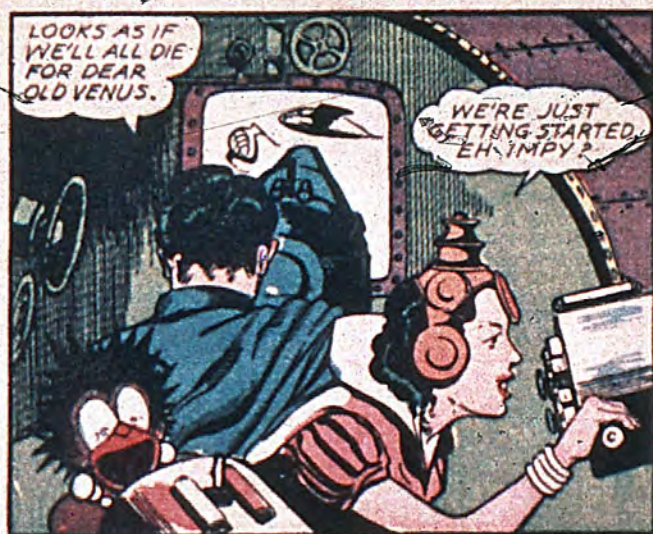
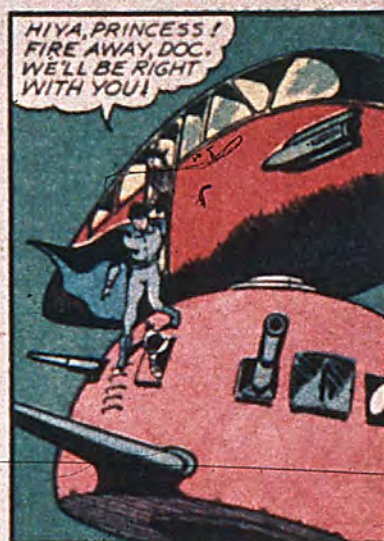
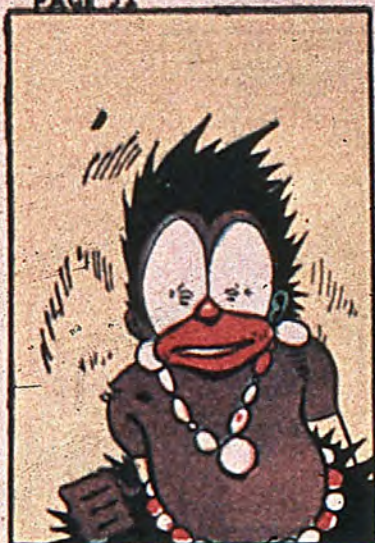


...THE PRINCESS ENCOURAGES DR. PILL IN HIS SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS...









THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM... NOW WE CAN LAND AND TELL THE QUEEN OF VENUS.

SHE HAS EYES, HASN'T SHE?

WHY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO SCRATCH THEM OUT?



HURRAY FOR NEMO!

HURRAY FOR DR. PILL!

YOU'VE SAVED OUR PLANET... WE'LL SHOW YOU A CELEBRATION!

THREE CHEERS FOR IMPY!

WELCOME, PRINCESS!



DESPITE THE HEAVY ODDS THE PILLBOX HOLDS IT'S OWN UNTIL...



BUT SUDDENLY ALL FURY BREAKS LOOSE OVERHEAD ANNOUNCING THE RETURN OF THE MERCURIAN AIR FLEET.



IT WAS A TRICK TO GET US IN THE OPEN. C'MON, GANG—MAKE THAT PILLBOX HUM!

EVERYBODY... TO YOUR UNDERGROUND SHELTERS.



THEY LAND IN SUCH SWARMS THAT INVASION SEEMS COMPLETE.



WE'RE OUT OF AMMUNITION! COME ON, IMPY, THE LIGHTNING CAR'S OUR ONLY HOPE!



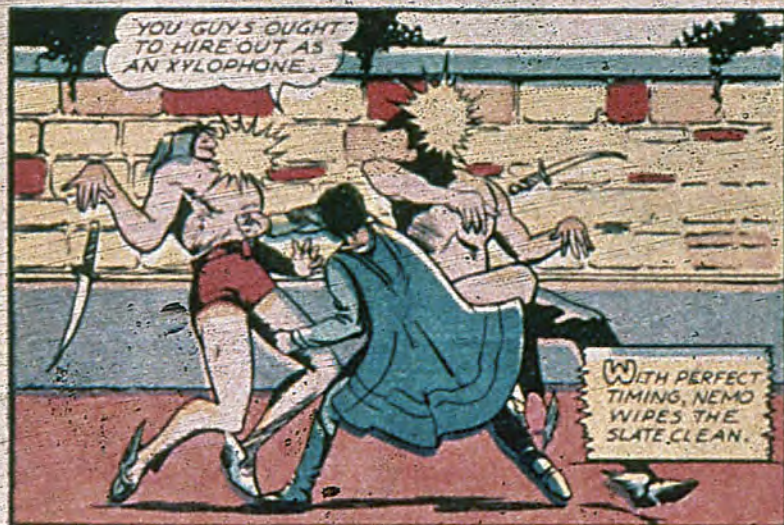
THEY'RE SURROUNDING THE PALACE, IMPY, WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THAT UP!



EXPOSING THEMSELVES TO THE HEAVY MERCURIAN FIRE, THE PAIR DASH FOR THE LIGHTNING CAR.

WE'LL LAND ON THE STAIRS AND TRY TO HOLD THEM OFF.







TROUBLE!
AND THE
HELL CAT PATROL
WITH THEIR
FIERY SERGEANT
STEELE ARE
SHIPPED OFF
TO CURACAO,
WHERE
THE CRACK...
MARINE
REGIMENT
DOES
A NEAT
BIT OF
WORK.

COULDN'T FIND
A BETTER SPOT,
SIR!

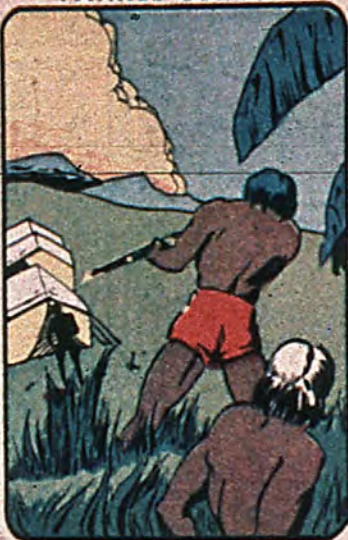
I'M MORE THAN
CONVINCED THE
GOVERNMENT WILL
LISTEN TO US. WE
START FOR HOME
TO-MORROW!

THAT NIGHT, THE ENGINEERS
CAMP AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL.

U.S. ARMY ENGINEERS ARE SURVEYING
THE TROPICAL ISLAND AS A POSSIBLE
SOUTHERN BASE.



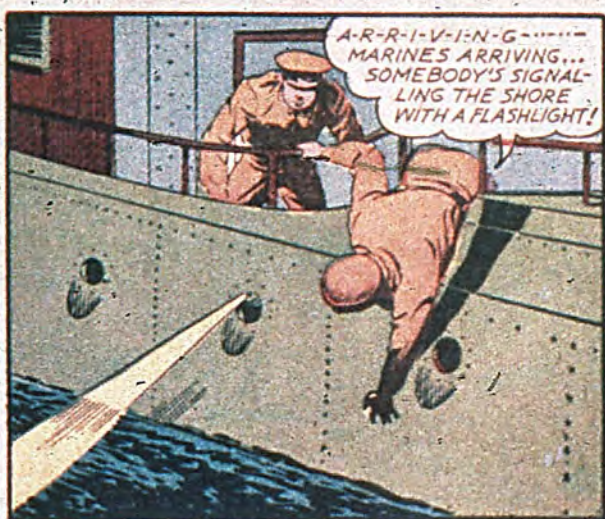
BUT, ON THE HILL TOP.....



AT THE MARINE BASE AT QUANTICO.

OUTSIDE, THE FIERY LEATHERNECK IS GREETED BY HIS PAL... CHUB...







IN A FLASH, THE HUSKY LEATHER NECK IS OFF TO SEEK OUT THE TROUBLE.

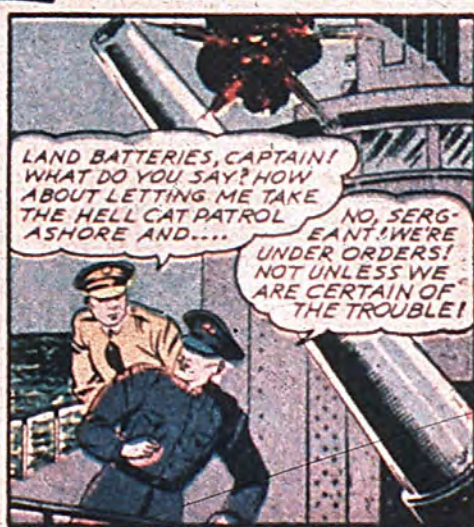


AND BELOW IN ONE OF THE HOLDS...



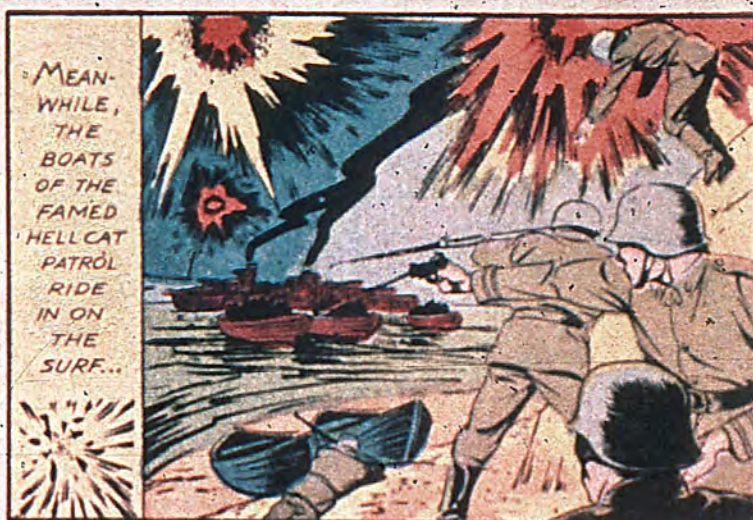


IT WILL BE MY PLEASANT DUTY, TO INFORM HEADQUARTERS THAT....









INSTANTLY, THE WELL ORGANIZED -
RAIDING PARTY WHIPS INTO ACTION.



AND BEFORE THE NAZI'S CAN
STRIKE...THE HELL CAT PATROL
HAS THEM ON THE RUN...

THE ENRAGED LEADER SEEKS
VENGEANCE...

PIG... BECAUSE OF YOU MY
MEN HAVE BEEN DEFEATED!
I'LL.....

HE MEANS
IT!



THE SERGEANT STEELE
SUPER SPECIAL!



WELL DONE, SERGEANT!
A SOCK LIKE
A MULE!



THEY'RE OUR PRISONERS NOW!
SAY... WHAT MADE
YOU COME ASHORE
WITH THE BOYS?

WE PRE-
VAILED ON
THE AGENT.
HE TOLD US
THE STORY...
AFTER A BIT
OF COAXING!



LATER, AT A TRIBAL MEETING!

I AM SORRY ABOUT THE DEATH
OF THE ENGINEERS... BUT NOW
THAT YOU HAVE RID US OF
THOSE TERRORISTS, WE
CAN COOPERATE
WITH YOUR
GOVERNMENT.
TO THE FULLEST!



THE GREAT AIR RACE

"Not bad!" Tom Jenkins muttered as he eased his plane down to earth for a perfect landing on the Culver Flying Field. "Oil" Lewis legged across the runway and leaped to the low wing of the trim monoplane before it had stopped. He was bursting with news as he helped swing back the cockpit cowl.

"Tom!" he yelled over the roar of the motor. "They've jacked up the ante on the big race tomorrow! Twenty-five thousand dollars... and winner takes all!"

Tom waved his hand. "Sorry, 'Oil', but I'm afraid the Air Race will have to get along without me! Helen says she won't marry me unless I give up flying. So I'm selling my plane to Joe Williams in the morning!"

"Oil" was glum. "Yeah! And he'll probably win the race with that plane of yours!"

The next day, thousands of spectators packed the grandstand of the Culver Flying Field for the spectacular air show. Tom walked over to Joe Williams to transfer ownership of the Silver Flash, before the race began.

"Here's the bill of sale," Joe said, handing him a sheet of paper. "All you have to do is sign it!"

Tom looked back at the grandstand and saw "Oil" trying to persuade Helen to let him enter the race. But Helen was shaking her head determinedly in the negative. "Guess the answer is 'no'!" Tom thought to himself.

"Say, Joe," Tom said, ignoring the paper, "let me taxi the plane onto the field from the hangar, will ya? It'll be the last time I'll have my hands on the stick of the Silver Flash! What do ya say?"

"All right, Tom," Joe replied. "But make it snappy. The race'll be starting in a few minutes, and you still have to sign this bill of sale."

Tom raced into the hangar and climbed into his plane. The propeller whirled around, the plane glided out on the field. He cut off the motor as the plane rested near the grandstand. Tom looked over toward Helen. "Oil" was several feet away from her, buying some peanuts. But what was Helen saying? She was waving her arms at Tom and shouting:

"Go ahead, Tom! It's all right! I want you to enter the race!"

Eureka! Helen had changed her mind. She wanted him in the race. Tom brought the plane into position as Joe Williams yelled frantically for him to get out of the plane.

"Sorry, Joe!" Tom shouted back. "I'm keeping the Silver Flash!"

... BANG! The signal had been given, and twenty sputtering planes roared across the field and into the air! Mile after mile Tom pursued those planes which had taken the lead early in the race. One by one they fell behind as the Silver Flash forged ahead! But, for a long stretch, Joe Williams, who was using his own plane in the race, kept close to Tom's tail. They whizzed around the pylons one by one.

On the last ten mile stretch Tom gave her the gun. Slowly, but surely, he widened the gap between the Silver Flash and Williams' Bullet. At last, young Jenkins had zoomed through the entire three hundred mile course! He slackened his speed and glided gracefully down to earth, amid the tumultuous cheering of the vast throng! Thousands of voices roared in unison as the youthful victor jumped out of the cockpit.

Helen stood before him, crying and laughing at the same time.

"Oh, Tom, it was wonderful! I'm so happy you won! You can fly all you want now, dear!"

Tom smiled down at her. "I have you to thank for all this. You did yell for me to enter the race!"

Helen looked at him in bewilderment. "I said no such thing. I motioned for you to get out of the plane!"

Tom was perplexed. "But I'm certain I heard you shout it was all right! Say, 'Oil'—where are you going?"

"Oil" did not turn around, but walked away, grinning from ear to ear. A small book fell out of his pocket. Tom picked it up and read the title, as Helen glanced down too. They both burst into laughter!

The title read: "Ventriloquism Made Easy! Fool All Your Friends!"

— The End —

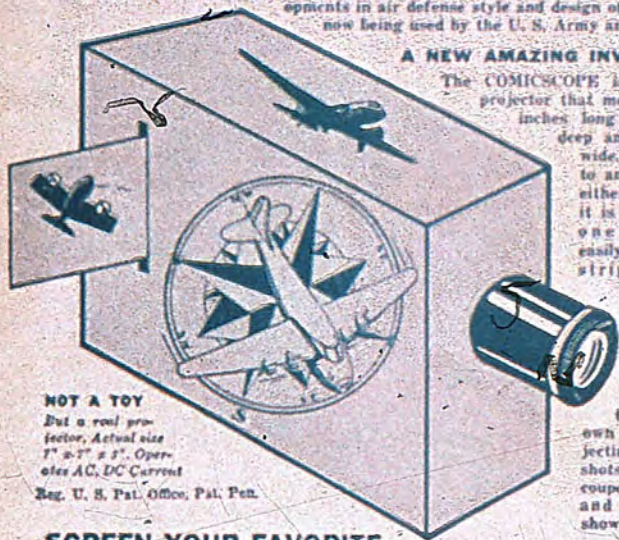
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